CHARLES LAMB. Dear heart! from dim Elizabethan days Surely thy feet strayed to our garish noon; Thou should'st have walked beneath a yellowing moon, In some old garden's green, enchanted ways, With Herrick and Ben Jonson; while in praise Of his lady trilled the nightingale's full tune,-And he grown still, those saug, 'neath skies of June, That bent to hear, eatches and roundelays. In fair converse, thou might'st have wandered

The elderly lady and her companion were ev dently Americans, as the Canadians, in strange distinction from themselves, call the natives of the United States. But their nationality was not proclaimed in the emphasis of dress and manner, which Europeans hold to be the badge of our countrywomen. There was, rather, about their attire, that pervasive quality called taste, with which all American girls are doubtless born, and which gives to us as a nation the best dressed women of the earth. It was this that distinguished them from the Canadian ladies, their fellow-passengers, whose mimicry of the richly poor English manner of dress showed dull and common against the simple beauty of the apparel of the Americans. Something more was visible, however, in their attire than that discretion in these matters, all but universal with us. A subile air of refinement clung about them. The Canadians stared a little, is the best-bred sometimes will, in desperate lack of other occupation, and indeed such manifestation was in this instance.

not without creuse.

If the younger of the two ladies, Miss Virginia Bailey, did not unmistakably merit the vague epithet pretty, her face had at least a certain winsomeness, an indefinable charm. At home, her sequantness, an indefinable charm. At home, her acquaintance had set a mental interrogation point after her name, as symbol of this harrowing indefiniteness of her claim to be finally placed on either side of the little book for the registration of feminine loveliness and unloveliness which society unconsciously keeps; and the stare of the Canadians was prihaps no more than an ununderstanding recognition of this rather fascinatingly problematical character of her hearts.

r companion was also sufficiently removed from Her companion was also semiciently removed root the ordinary type of the American visitor to Quebec to win more attention from the other passengers than is usually bestowed by the natives upon repre-sentatives of a people to whose summer flitting through their city they have become callous. Her age, which would have been described in a spinister age, which would have been described in a spinster as enecttain, sat upon her with the grace which naturally falls upon the matron, as she stands in the happy valley of a woman's life—the valley into which she has descended from the plains of youth, and from which she has yet to climb to the screne heights of old age. Mrs. Fordham seemed one whose sympathy with the pleasures of girthood might still be very fresh, yet in whom there might dwell a keen feeling for the more staid enjoyments are or or was quickly filling with laborers, returning to the city from their work of the day in the suburb of St. Roch, and Dr. Fletcher shortly found himself—pushed close against the door, by the

ing to the city from their work of the day in the suburb of St. Roch, and Dr. Fletcher shortly found himself pushed close against the door, by the others standing. His position became an uncomfortable one. The workmen leaned over him to deposit their fares, their coarse jackets dripping with moisture from the rain without. A nervous little-old woman handed him a silver piece, extracted with agriation from her knotted handkerchief, to convey to the driver for changing, and a part of the money falling as he gave it back, she made him feel that she held herself aggrieved, and delivered herself of ladylike facual objurgations toward him during the remainder of the journey. From the shoulder of the man who stood next to him hung a coarse bag in which some animal tossed futilely about. His discomfort was increased at frequent intervals by the stopping of the car, all the standing passengers from the uttermost end of the vehicle being hurled against him with crushing violence. These, to be sure, were the ordinary trials of horsecar travel, and they were commonly horne by him with careless resignation, but his throbbing weariness inspired him with an exaggerated resentment for these every-day chafings.

There penetrated to his ear occasionally, through his fatigue, some talk of the Americans, who after they were seated had begin to speak earnestly togethor, as if taking up the thread of a conversation broken off by their entrance into the car. Norton Flotcher stood propped in the angle formed by

*Copyright, 1884. All rights reserved.

the fare-box and the deer. To the ladies, had they considered it, this structure, pendent between them and him, would have seemed, together with the loud rumble and clanger maintained by the move ment of the car, to secure the privacy of their conversation; yet it rose quite clearly to him, as he leaned jaded against the box. It would have reached his ear the more distinctly had he attended, through the effort of the ladies to make themselves and ble to each other above the noise of the wheels; as it was, their talk was only a soft drone in his car.

Soon Miss Virginia Bailey's voice came alone to him. It was of that sweet and mellow quality, peculiar to refined Englishwomen, and seldom heard from lips so uncompromisingly American.

Yet it was on the fare-box and the deer. To the ladies, had they considered it, this sfructure, pendent between them and him, would have seemed, together with the wont of the genial orb toward Quebec when it light of the sun, not obscured but shining, as is the looked on marvelling. They returned at length wont of the genial orb toward Quebec when it loward the ladies, who stood blankly observing this scene. Fletcher had forgotten their disturbing extingues to discover its face, with a gracious defullence, the matter seemed yet more tangible and pressing, and it was with strengthened determination to leave the city at once that he determination to leave the city at once that he determination to leave the city at once that he determination to the ladies of them, questioning him volubly, his remembrance was strongly renewed mingled as well with a hasty wondering query as to Rowland red, who stood blankly observing this scene. Fletcher had forgotten their disturbing extingues to discover its face, with a gracious defullence, who is the gracial the gracial to discover it to generally the effect of the sun, not obscured but shining, as is the loward the ladies, who stood blankly observing this scene. Fletcher had forgetten their disturbing extended the wont of the gracial properties. The

would justify himself in due time, he thought, and meanwhile he could not well intrude upon his secrets. The fast boy friendship that had been between them had grown deeper and fuller as they passed through college into manbood, and when Wentworth had set his face toward the settings in to pluck the fortune traditionally pendent from Western bushes, they had parted with mutual promises to maintain their warm relation by frequent communication—pledges which had been kept with a fidelity and fervor uncommon in such cases.

Notton Fletcher cherished no resentment toward Wentworth because he had allowed him to grope his way to his secret, and hear it at length dropped lightly in a public conveyance, from the grope his way to his secret, and hear it at length dropped lightly in a public conveyance, from the lips of her most nearly concerned in it. His wrath was all turned toward the young girl, who sat talk-ing happily with her companion,—they had turned the topic new,—quite unconscious of his angry re-card of her.

the topic new,—quite unconscious of his angry regard of her.

The car by this time had entered the city proper, through one of the over-modern gates replacing the battered pertals that formerly gave entrance to the town, and now was jingling through the recently lighted streets of the Upper Town. Fietcher looked up from the abstraction into which this matter had plunged him, to find the carriage quite deserted, save for himself and the two Americans. In a moment there came over him an opprossive sense of the hatefulness of the situation. He rang the bell and stopped the car, and took his way gloomly to his hore! pondering.

The boat that left Quebec next morning for Malbaic, and some intervening summer resting-places, whose includious natices, if not parts of some uncommonly sweet poem, have at least the fairest of titles to such use, numbered him among its pass engers. His departure, though hastened by the in cident that had closed his excursion of the day be for a to one of Quebec's pretty little outlying supplements of itself, had been meditated for several days: yet he took this half-forced leave with re-luctance. From his first aimless, issueless stroll through the cramped streets of the city, he had been won by its quaint beauty. The history of Quebec had seized upon his fancy, when he had known the proud old town only in print, but discovering for himself how werthy it is of this

known the proud old town only in print, our discovering for himself how worthy it is of this
brilliant envelopment, which like a luminous mist
seems to pervade and irradiate the place, he gave
himself up to the potent fascination that Quebec
holds for every sensitive traveller.

He found the usual American who declares, after
a day of hinried sight-seeing, that "there is really
nothing to be seen in Quebec" an amusing figure,
and senictimes he smiled a little at his blindness.
For himself the charmed wock that he had spent in
it had seemed to him of an allogether new and delightful variety and he scarched his past life in
van for any seven days at all similar to these.

It was with a sense of regret that he had taken passage for Malbaic. He had, a strong perception of
the necessity of departure, else he would have satisited his hardly surrendered desire for a longer intimacy with Quobec. No sensitive man would
have failed, probably, under like conditions, to find
the talk of the girl on the night before painful.
But perhaps Fletcher's feeling was more acute than
would ordinarily affect such a man. A great detestation, a bitter repugnance, for the chief actor in
the scene of the evening previous, had risen in him.
The thought of her was olious; it seemed to him
that a second meeting with her would be intolerable.

The dominant quality of Fletcher's nature was an and the present; and th

through them, save for the ocasional rattle of homos-retorning dray or eart, and the rand report from the save of the stears of the stear of the stear

It served; noted those about him, and he had little in these care, clarge with the narrow crosses of the feetens in the large with the narrow crosses of the feetens in the large with the narrow crosses of the feetens in the large with the narrow crosses of the feetens in the large with the processor, the narrow crosses of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feetens in the large with the processor of the feeten in the large with the processor of the feeten in the large with the processor of the feeten in the large with the processor of the feeten in the large with the processor of the feeten with the process using to one of these Canadian resorts? Certainly, he considered, 'I don't enjoy a monepoly among Americans of the right of travel by this line of steamers. The thought rai ed a smile, and again he put away all consideration of them. They were merely an episode in his life. It was scarcely probable that he should see them when they had left the beat, at one of the dumy villages, embessmed in the hills, at which the steamer had begun to step.

When, after a time, the jungle of a bell called him to a dinner, the product of the advanced skill of the steamer's French cook, he started not with standing in fresh annoyance as he saw Mrs. Fordham and Miss Balley scated at one of the tables near. He knew them to be still on the beat, for he had unconsciously watched the passengers who had left if at the several innding-places. But he had forgotten that he must of necessity encounter them again at this public meal. He mentally rated him self, that the philosophy which commonly served

it at the several fanding-places. But as had forgotten that he must of necessity encounter them again at this public meal. He mentally rated him self, that the philosophy which commonly served him in predicaments like this could not be forced to his aid. His integrity was of that rigorous sort that loyes to keep faith even with itself, and it angered him that having agreed with himself that this affair should not have power to irritate him, he should continue to beat himself against the irremediable. The presence of Miss Bailey was burden-some, and he made a hasty meal.

When he again sought the forward promenade, the histrons cottages of Malbaie stared at him from the end of the wide croich that the river here thrusts into the land, giving the village its name, and the steamer was coming to a landing built out upon one of the arms of the bay, with as great commotion among the hurrying crew and excitement upon the part of the strangely composed company of summer visitors that had gathered to welcome her coming, as might attend upon the arrival of an ocean secance.

her coming, as might attend upon the arrival of an ocean stramer.

Fletcher took up a position with the restless crowd that had assembled at the gangway below, and when the boat had at length made a landing, and a plank had been thrown out, followed the porter carrying his valise up the uncertain incline to the pier, and in among the curious group of iders watching the outcoming passengers. He looked about for a vehicle to convey him to the summer intitlat he had chosen at the suggestion of the held proprietor at Quebec. A familiar voice sounded close at his elbew:

"I don't see Rowland, Aunt do you?"

Fletcher turned sharply about. It was Miss Virginia Bailey.

The fates seemed to have entered into a cor spiracy against Norton Fletcher's peace of mind. and now to be pressing their cabal unnecessarily hard. He was inclined to rebel at the desponation of his pleasure in the latter part of his brief holiday, which he foresaw in the presence of these people, as he angrily called them to himself. He was even questioning whether he might not better seek by the steamer, which would within a few hours set out upon her return trip, some other resting place apon the coast above, when turning about he saw Miss Bailey hurrying with eager face toward a robust figure, advancing to

wondering query as to Rowland's connection with them.

He was standing beside them presently, and his confused series received the words:

"Virginia, my friend Dr. Fletcher. Norton, my sister. Miss Bailey." His sister! "Mrs. Fordham, a Dr. Fletcher." He tried to stammer out something, but his usual readiness failed him and Rowland Bailey ran eagerly on to the ladies: "Dr. Fletcher is heaven-sent just at this time. I hardly knew what I should do with you alone, for so long in this out-of-the-way place. With a lieutenant there will be no difficulty. The idea that it should be Fletcher, though, is awfully absurd. When I caught sight of him blinking about there on the pier, I dain't know whether to doubt my own identity or his."

The light without the equitors, exclusion and statestice.

In the control the language of the control of the local property of the group of the language of the control of the language of the

pen it.

Despite the five years of travel abroad from chich she had recently returned. Miss Virginia tailey's impulses were very fresh. For the things hat she had found memorable and enjoyable, while he dwelt with Rowland in their Maryland home, inder the annable but unmotherly guidance of a naiden aunt, she still retained her girish enthusism; her capacities for pleasure were yet large and in aded.

n aded.

"If you take the child, Caroline," her Aunt Beatty
ad said warningly, when Mrs. Fordham, then just
idowed, proposed to carry her with her as comanion and brightener of the European voyage that nion and brightener of the European voyage that chal planned, "you must protect her from the indeaing influences of foreign seciety. You will mingling with it in a year or two, if you stay so it. Oh, yes, you will," she assured her in answer Mrs. Fortham's sad deprecatory gesture, "I know or taste, and after a time there will be no reason repressing it, but the child must not be drawn to it. I could not feel it right to let her go, if are were a chance that she would return any less more than my imneent Virgnia. You will consist to guard her, Caroline, I feel a double resonability in her welfare. It isn't as if I were her other, you know."

ther, you know." ad Mrs. Fordham, oven after she had, as her sis-And Mrs. Fordham, even after she had, as her sister prophessed, failen naturally into her old habits of society, and had gathered about her in the course of a long residence at Rome, a pleasant circle of francis, composed chiefly of Americans, with the usual admixture of foreigners, had scrupulously kept Virginia from all intercourse with it. Mrs. Fordham did not go into society, as the phrase is; it rather came to her. She had been scenistoned to contrive in former days, with a kind of pride of leadership, that she should be the nucleus rather than a component part of her set, and she maintained this postion now.

3 The young girl's life during their wandering stay abroad, though wisely limited in this direction, was very free in every other. They had vast leisure, and commonly sile saw with her annual that was

cery free in every other. They had vast letsure, and commonly she saw with her annt all that was worthy to be seen in the places where they paused, (in the whole it was very pleasant and after Mrs. Fortham had become a continued invalid, though Virgonia sedulously aftended and cared for her, she tomic bunch space when in the intervals of her ann's illness they fitted inconsequently from place to place, to enjoy with her the odd little towns and out-of-the-way watering places at which they stayed.

out-of-the-way watering places at which they stayed.

She had been absent from her aunt for only a few months, after their return, in the years that elapsed between the time when they had sailed for Europe and the present; and it was impossible that this, together with her long stay abroad should not somewhat have changed her. But thanks to the punctions acquiescence of Mrs. Fordham in her sister's injunction, she had not been "hardenesi," as the latter had leared, unless indeed an imperceptible strengthening of a certain dignity and self-poise, which, originally a positive part of her character, had been already largely developed in the necessities of her early orphanase, might be so called.

It was all but dark, when a soft tap came at the door.

PULPIT SKETCHES.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND PLYMOUTH

CHURCH.

In 1846 John T. Howard, then a member of Pilgrim Church, bought the First Presbyterian Church property in Brooklyn, extending through the block with a frontage on Cranberry and Orange sts. This step was taken after a consultation with David Hale, then of the Tabernacle Society in Broadway, New-York, and

The preacher enters with an eager pace and flushed face at a door under the organ gallery, lays down his wraps and that in a business like way, goes up the pul pit steps with a firm tread, holding tightly some lo sheets of note paper in one hand, lays them tidily down on the table by his chair, sits down and guzes steadily about, peering into the faces of the incoming throng, very much after the manner of a lawyer about to make an important plea, or of a thorough-paced lecturer taking the measure of a lyesum andience. Mr. Beecher taking the measure of a lyceum audience. Mr. Beecher is a good gazer and plainly browses among the faces and physiognomies for hint, suggestion, any chance-wise disclosure that tell-tale faces have in store for him. It is not idle or eager currosity, nor is it the brassy vanity of a little soul hungry for notoriety. It is a steady quest after the latch-strings that lay open the minds and hearts of men. The prescher's face gathers significance and purpose and a deep gravity, as the hospitable work of the busy ushers subsides into silence, and the brisk chatter of social, friendly cheer which has filled the clace like the hum of bees gives first notes of the anthem preinde the chorus choir rises and delivers the finely written composition with excellent discrimination and coloring. Then the brief invocation follows, and then a hymn. The hymns with times are in every pew, and one may hear a congregation of 3,000 joining with the spirit and the understanding in perfect rhythm and faultless intonation, under the leading of organ and choir. The dispuson of such a vast gathering transigures even the most trivial time into something unworldly, and gives the first intimation of supernaturalism that reaches us. One is tempted to inquire whether after all the people's singing at Plymouth is not almost as positive an element of Congregational enthusiasm as the preacher's sermon. The Scriptures are read in scraps and fragments, and to the wonted car clearly and even forcibly adumbrate the coming sermon.

ments, and to the wented ear clearly and even forcibly adumbrate the coming sermon.

The sermon is hot and fresh from the mint, for the preacher has come straight from his study, where he has hastily summarized the points since breakfast, marked out his plan, looked out his Scripture references, and settled down into the mood and temper of his discourse. These loose sheets are the results of the morning; but the subject matter has been under lively incubation during the week, and the delivery which supplies pattern and color to the warp will unfold the many-plied personality, the luxuriant imagination, the distracting wealth of resource which at times seem to behitle and cheapen all contemporaneous oratory.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS OF THE PREACHER.

And who is this wizard of speech who for near orty years has made the cars of a whole generation of English-speaking people tingle and their hearts lear and burn, now with patriotic devotion, now with religious enthusiaxa, and then with dismay and direct misgivings? Born in 1813 in Litchield Conn., that prolific centre of commanding intelligence; son of Dr. Lymnu Boecher, a rugged, intrepid pioneer not only in social reform but in ecclesia-tical ratiocinatio leaping full tilt with eager algority against every debeaping full tilt with eager alacrity against every doctrine and pre-criptive usage which jarred against his own determinations—at once an irre-istible evangelist and a fiery iconoclast; touched with Boston life for four or five years and seasoned with sait before the most in a stretch of sailor life; brawny and lithe as a backwoodsman, his herofe physical constitution, impregnable as against labor and disea et graduating at Amherst without serious suspicion of much scholarship, and then transplanted to Lane Seminary. Once under the theological training of the president his most untheological training of the president his most untheological further, he jenters into the rank, spontaneous his of that early prairie world, almost before the plough had driven the moceasin across the Father of Waters.

So his formative years drank in the bucolic unconventionalities, the lurge, learliess enterprise, the blunt individuality, uncompromising and resolute, and the human heartedness, the sense of human kinship and social interdependence bord only of pioneer life. Well sensoned and sorely strained in his earlier ministrations, he stepped into the Plymouth pulpit with few illusions and still fewer protensions. It was his battle-ground henceforth, and he was not the man to just windmills. Culture had done very little for his equipment; neither, for that matter, had books, or schools, or learning.

ment; neither, for that matter, had books, or schools, or learning.

For in temperament he is inepatient of drill, systems, analyses and logical procedures, all which are an abomination unto his soul. Intention serves as man of all work, and he leaps to his conclusions through the eves of his heart in a womanly way, notwithstanding the fineness and vigor of his intelligence. Will power, emotional volitions, dominate his purpose and ex-pression. Then he seeks and reaches his conclusions through analysics, similitudes, symbolisms, correspondpression. Then he seeks and reaches his conclusions through analogies, similitudes, symbolisms, correspondences, which from the outset prompted his intellectual and word processes, as that he seek visions, skotches pictures and dreams dreams while most minds are busy with patient analyses, the laborious precision of the syllogism and exhaustive comparisons and reasonings. So his vocabulary, which has most eccentric and unlimited range in all directions, is finshed with color, force, sensible suggestions, figurative and descriptive flavors. It rises to the subtlest gradations of significance when thought and feeling are almost laid bare under a diaphanous idiom; it labors and struggles with fierce assault and heavy pounding onshaught, when the preacher seems swinging the old Thor hammer; then it fairly reeks with coarse realism of the streets, the markets and the sharp slang of rude lifeat one spiritual and rustio, picturesque and rugged, full of plaint and melody, or roistering mirth or thunderous invective. There is always missing the refined precision and elegance of thorough scholarship, the

severe graces of classic anggestion and finely temperedereticence and the repose of consummate culture.

A CHURCH TO HIMSELF. Mr. Beecher meanwhile has pushed the pitiless logic of individualism which is the touchstone of Congregationalism until he has reached almost absolute isolation and detached himself from the church consciousness until he has literally become a church to himself, sole and absolute. Casting off, therefore, all restraints and affiliations of church and denomination, he has resolutely rid himself of old theologies and beliefs, "Darwin and Huxley and Spencer have crowded Moses aside. The Law and the Pentateuch are faded and to the three prime enemies of souls, the world, the flesh and the devil. Mr. Beecher has added orthodoxy. which he berates and derides in turn with all the

which he berates and derides in turn with all the energy of his brawny nature.

His ministrations are crowded with incongruities—a tender pictism and glowing conception of the Christ, the second Adam, while tenouncing the first Adam as a myth and a frand; a tenscious clinging to the Scriptures here and there, as the basis of his preaching, while throwing overboard large portions and challenging the inspiration of the rest. But these paradoxes are inexhaustible, and it must auffect to add that this great preacher seems harriedly devoting the closing decade of his ministry to pleughing under and demelishing the spleudid work of his former life and sowing the desointon with sait.

The centuries are not prodigal of such richly furnished preachers. Unquestionable as a popular force, Mr. Beecher is strictly unique and alone in staying power and mastery. So while orthodoxy gets well out of the way of his terrible philippies, all other doxies they in and swell the congregation overfull, now in the seventy first year of the preacher's life. The charm and mystery of his eloquence seem hardy dimmed. It is yet the old trimmins the kelling reparters, the

the seventy first year of the preacher's life. The charm and mystery of his eloquence seem hardy dimmed. It is yet the old triumphs, the killing reparter, the kindling apostrophe, the tunultuous upheavals of volcanic combustions and detritiss, and that wonderful volce remains with its subduing, penetrating planissimos, and its irresistible vehemences. But this is not the Henry Ward Beecher whose sterling evangelism and winning orthodoxy in former years garnered in his yearly hundreds into the fellowship. The church now numbers over 2.700 members, and the great edition could hardly hold them in a single congregation.

HOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKET. SOUTH AMERICAN FRUITS-THE STRAWBERRS

CROP-GANSEVOORT MARKET. Close by the Fulton Market is an establishment kept by a Braziliau who caters to the patriotic appetites of South Americans and the natives of the West Indies. In this store can be found all manner of strange and curious fruits of the tropics sold just as they are plucked from the trees and vines. There are fruta bombas, a sort of cross between a watermelon and a bombshell, which cost 25 cents each, green cocoanuts that sell for 15 cents each drillichinats from China costing 12 cents a dozen, and Havana sweet potatoes or boniates at 8 cents a pound. Those who are foud of chirinoyas, or as the sailors term them " cust ard apples," can find them there at 10 and 25 cents each, and can also get such other delicacies as sapadifloes at 30 cents and \$1 a dozen, red mamayes for 25 cents each, plantains from 40 to 75 cents a dozen, yams and fresh tamarinds at 10 cents a pound, chayores, yuens and malangas at 10 cents a pound, and "apple bananas" at 30 cents a dozen. Brazil nuts, just as they grow, with a half-dozen nuts in one shell, can be had for 15 cents a pound, dwarf cocoannis or palm nuts for 10 cents a dozen, sweet lemons at 50 cents, and Mandarin oranges 20 and 30 cents a dozen.

"My customers," said the proprietor yesterday. are South Americans or Cubans mostly. People born in colder climes never buy of me except as they want the fruits for curiosities."

Strawberries are coming from North and South Carolina, but this fruit is not shown in the market in such profusion nor of such good quality as was the case this time last year, owing to the lateness of the season. It is not until the market gardens about Norfolk begin to send their products that berries of good size can be had for a reasonable price. The best sell now at 60 cents a quart. A few hot-house peaches were sold by fancy fruit dealers last week at 75 cents and \$1 each. Many fruit merchants have lately visited the peach orchards of Delaware and report the crop prospects for the coming season to be good.

The fish markets had their usual abundance and variety last week. Porgies were to be had among the new varieties at 15 cents a pound. Fresh blue fish cost 15 cents, cod 8 and 10 cents, haddock 6 cents, flounders and grouper 10 cents, and white perch, smeits and red snapper 15 cents a pound. Fresh mackerel sold for 5 and 15 cents, according to size, and sheepshead for 12 cents, green pickerel 15 cents, pomosco 35 cents, Southern black bass 20 cents, and apanish mackerel 35 ern black bass 20 cents, and Spanish mackerel 35 cents a pound. Some new smoked Nova Scotin salmon brought 60 cents, while fresh-caught Oregon chinoeks could be had for 30 cents a pound. Long Island brook trout sold for 75 and 85 cents and Canala trout for 40 and 50 cents a pound. Green untile was worth 20 cents a pound. Southern terrapin \$12, and diamond-back terrapin \$36 a dozen. Crayish were \$2.50 a hundred, frogs' legs 7.5 cents ind, soft-shell crabs \$3

Craynish were \$2.50 a hundred, frogs legs 75 cents a pound, soft-shell crabs \$3 a dozen, hard crabs \$4 a hundred, and whitebatt 40 cents a pound.

Gansevoort Market has recently become the centre of the vegetable trade of the city. Long before daylight market-wagons from Long Island, Westchester and Jersey are rolling through the streets on their way to this place. Before the majority of the residents have eaten their breakfast the farmers have sold their stock and are journeying back to their homes. As yet these conveyances do not bring green peas or string beans, but they carry large quantities of salads and root vegetables. Long Island spinach can be had for 40 cents a peck and sorrel for 15 cents a quart. String beans and green peas are worth \$1 a peck.

Hind-quarters of spring lamb cost \$3 and forequarters \$2.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

HOUSEMOLD MOTES.

HOUSEMER SOUP.—Boil the remnants of a reast of yeal until the meat fails from the bones. Strain and cool. The next day put on to boil, with a slice of onion and one-third of a cupful of raw rice. Let t simmer slowly for an hour. Add sait and pepper o taste. Just before serving add one cupful of rich nilk, or cream if you have it, heated in a separate list.

SALMON GRATIN .- One coffee cap of cold boiled SALMON GRATIN.—One codes cup of cold bodied salmon, pulled into flakes with a fork; mix with this one-half cup of cold drawn butter, pepper and sait; fill with the mixture the little earthen dishes that come for cooking eggs "sur le plat," cover with fine bread crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Zernyrs.—Heat two cupfuls of boiled hominy, adding sufficient water to make it thin enough to pour. Add a piece of butter as large as an English walnut, and a little salt. Have ready iron generals, heated very hot, and well buttered. Fill these with the hominy, and bake half an hour in a hot oven.

BROIL TO POTATORS.—Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices a third of an inch thick. D.p them in melted butter and fine bread crumbs. Place in the double broiler and broil over a fire that is not too hot. Carnish with parsley, and serve on a hot dish. Or, season with salt and pepper, toast till a deheate brown, arrange on a hot dish, and season with butter.

ter.

OYSTER CROQUETTES,—Half a pint of raw oysters, half a pint of cooked year, one heaping table-spoonful of butter, three tablespoonful of cracker crombs, the yolks of two eggs, one tablespoonful of onion juries. Chop the oyster sand year yery line. Soas the crackers in oyster liquor, and then mix all the ingredients, and shape. Dig in egg and roll in cracker crumbs and fry as usual. The butter should be softened before the mixing.

Roast Have-Sonk the ham for twelve hours in a parec of spinach.

FLEMISH SAUCE. - Cut a cupful of the red part of FLEMISH SAUCE.—Cut a cupful of the red part of a carrot into very small duce. Cover with boiling water, and summer one hour. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter, two of floor, a since of carrot, an onion, cut fine; a blade of mace and twenty pepper-coris in a saucepan. Stirover the fire monimute, and add two cupfuls of stock. Simmer gently built an nour. Add a cupful of cream, boil up once, and strain. Now add the cooked carrot, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, two of chopped cucumber pickies, and, if you like, one of grated horse-radish. Taste to see if salt enough.

COCOANUT CUSTARD. - Make a good boiled custard, Cocoanut Custard.—Make a good boiled custard, flavor with one teaspoorful of bitter almond essence, grate a cocoanut, and when the custard is quite cold (it should be poured when warm into a glass bowl) strew-the cocoanut on top. Sift white sugar over this.

NUT CAKE.—Two eggs; one-half cup of butter; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of coid water; one and one-half cup of prepared flour; one cupful of nut-keraels freed from bits of shell, and rolled in flour. If almonds are used, blanch them, lot them get cold and cut small with a sharp kurfe. White or English walnuts must be cut each into several pieces. Mr. as with can cake, the water taking pieces. Mix as with cup cake, the water taking the place of milk and the nuts going in last. Bake in small tins or in one loaf in a steady oven